

NUMBER 316

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PRINTED IN CANADA. ISSN: 0747-0827

club

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A modern woman with impeccable musical taste, Mahila has a thing for retro skates, earphones, and big cocks. She says that her brain and pussy must be connected because any guy who has the same musical tastes has probably been given the opportunity to stick their tongues and cocks deep between her long legs.









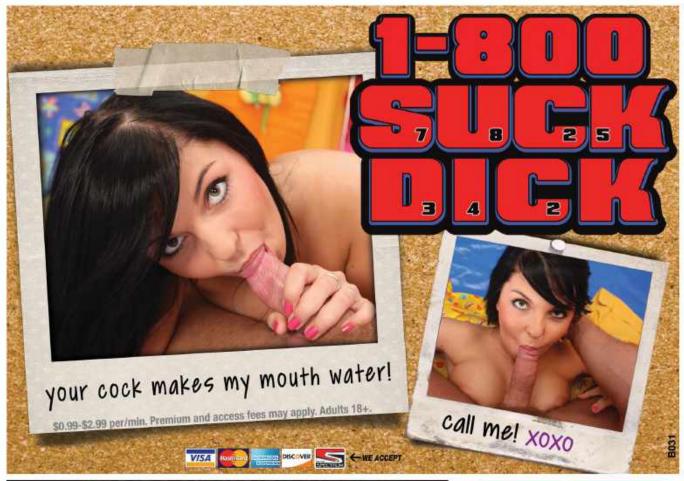


































INTIMATE THOUGHTS AND XXX ADVICE CONSTRUCTION JOB Why make up my mind which one? I wanted them both—and they both wanted me.

When spring came last year, it brought more than rain. It brought men! Workmen of all shapes and sizes piled out of pickup trucks, men who measured and marked the huge lawn next door, then dug down deep and began building a house.

I watched them so much from my window that two of them, a younger one and an older one, began to wave to me every day. They were my favorites. I just smiled and waved back, waiting. There finally came a day after the walls and roof was up, when my two men were working alone.

The screaming whine of a power saw greeted me when I crossed the torn-up yard to the front door frame. I stood there, enjoying the clean scent of new wood, waiting to be noticed by the two dudes I'd come to seduce. Yes, two. I'd never been able to make up my mind between them, I liked them both, wanted them both. So why should I have to choose just one?

I turned to see what kind of view my unknown new neighbors would have from their porch, standing in the sun, knowing full well that my curvaceous body was silhouetted against my gauzy skirt. Someone shut off the power saw and then dropped it awfully hard. I heard him swear softly before coming out to stand beside me.

It was the younger one, looking even more magnificent up close then he had from my window. He was a tall, sun-bleached, green-eyed blond, well-muscled and covered with satin brown skin clear down to his low-slung jeans. His look was both bold and shy as he silently took my hand in his dry, sandpapery workman's hands and drew me into the house with him. I felt a shiver of delight run down my spine and wet my pussy.

"Tom!" he called, keeping his eyes on me while turning his head toward the hammering somewhere overhead. "It's our girl in the window!" Our girl! I smiled at their name for me while my heart thudded with increased excitement.

"What? Where?" There were footsteps overhead and the older one was peering down at us through the rafters. He was slim and rangy with a shock of gray hair and a face full of laugh lines. He looked at me with twinkling eyes of blue and a smile that knew it all. "Hello there, honey," he crooned. "What's your name?" I had to wonder just who was getting men seduced—them or

me? What did it matter anyway? I smiled right back, full power. "Abbie. What's yours?"

'Tom," the older man said. "And that's my buddy's boy, Adam."

I smiled at them both. "I came over for the grand tour, if you have the time?" I asked.

"Why, sure! We were about to knock off for lunch anyway," Tom assured me. "Since I'm already up here, how about we start at the top and work our way down?"

"I'll help you," Adam offered, conducting me to the stepladder like a gentleman. I thanked him and hitched my skirt over my knees to begin climbing. He stood right behind me and held the sturdy ladder with unnecessary care, using both hands, his breath warm on my skin as I climbed between his long arms.

He stood so close that my ass softly bumped his face. He didn't seem to mind. I turned and perched on the top step, leaving my skirt pulled up. There was a strangled sound from Adam below me, letting me know he'd spotted my bare pussy.

I felt deliciously naughty knowing he was staring at it as I looked around the attic space with interest, listening to Tom explain what he was



doing and what would come next. He wasn't fazed at all when I stared at his crotch, licking my lips. He did falter when I grazed my nails across my nipples, making them poke themselves against the thin fabric of the strapless men's undershirt I wore. We smiled at each other while below me I could feel Adam's warm hand on my ankle, inching its way higher.

I was flirting with both guys at once and neither man knew it, each giving me his full attention, responding as though I was interested in him alone. I never had so much fun. This promised to be great!

As Adam's hand reached my knee, Tom finished with, "I think that's it," and crossed to me, ready to come down the ladder. Adam put his big hands around my waist and lifted me down from my perch, letting my lushly curved body slide down against him. He was hard all over, but especially where it counted. I snuck my hand between us and cupped him briefly, making his breath catch while his friend climbed down to join us. He felt so good!

When I turned, Tom was looking at Adam, seeming to know instantly that the younger one was hot for me. I took Tom's hand to proceed with the tour, winking at him and smiling. He eagerly led the way through the rooms while Adam trailed behind me, both of them pointing out the floor plan and what had to be done yet. At the end of the tour, we ended up in a back corner bedroom.

"Oh, what a sweet view!" I exclaimed as I leaned out the empty window space in the back wall. Behind the house there was a tiny stream and stand of trees that looked cool, green and secluded, with the soothing sound of running water and rustling leaves. I thought it would be a great place to fuck.

My position in the window gave my men a clear view of my shapely ass. I know they both looked. I could practically feel their eyes burning over me. I wondered if Tom could tell I had no panties on. When I backed up and bumped right into him standing behind me, his hands quickly brushed my ass. If he didn't know before, he knew it now. His eyes gleamed.

"Are you married?" Adam asked huskily, moving closer. "No. Are you guys?"

"Not anymore," Tom answered; Adam shook his head no.

"Come on, two good-looking

guys like you?" I openly admired both of them, taking my time, lingering over the intriguing bulges in their jeans as they admired me. They seemed to like how my nipple color and the outline of my cunt showed faintly through my thin clothes.

"Yeah, chasing hot numbers like you," Tom grinned.

"Ooh! I think we're going to get along just fine," I purred. The two dudes looked at me, then at each other with long, measuring looks. They were gearing up to compete for me, still unaware of my intentions.

"Do you like pizza and beer?" I asked, startling them. Somebody' stomach growled, making us all laugh. "Good," I said, "because I ordered some and it should be here any minute." They stared at me in surprise, and then laughed again.

"I was about to invite you to have lunch with us," Tom said.

"Yeah," Adam nodded. "I thought I'd have to fight Tom over who stayed with you and who went out to get it." "You thought right," Tom told him, his tone serious.

"Pizza's here!" someone bellowed out front. Adam started for the door, then took me with him, hungry with a hard-working man's appetite but too smart to leave me alone with his experienced rogue friend. Tom laughed and followed us.

I loved to see them eat. If they liked their loving like they liked their food, I was going to be one damn well-satisfied chick. My pussy was getting wetter as the food disappeared and my two contenders relaxed. That was more like it. I wanted love, not war. I wanted all three of us together at once.

Tom yawned. "That's the only trouble with beer. It makes me sleepy," he complained happily, looking at me. From the glint in his half-closed eyes, it didn't make him look too sleepy.

Adam stood up and stretched. "Good. You go to sleep," he told Tom. "I'll be right back," he said to me, then quickly went out the back door. I looked out to see him heading for the trees. "Beer makes him

go," Tom said lazily. "Do you want to watch?" he teased.

"I wouldn't mind, but he stepped behind a big tree."

'Then come over here. I want you to show me that pussy you were flashing to Adam."

"You don't miss much, do you?" I asked huskily, walking over to stand beside his reclining form. "Especially sweet pussy for dessert," he grunted, lifting my skirt.

He guided me over him and helped me as I lowered my crotch to his face, feeling weak in the knees. I tucked my skirt up into the band to give him some air and to watch him look at my cunt. He barely noticed, merely glancing at my face before he pulled me down closer and put his tongue right where I needed it so badly.

His tongue was hot, wet, and loving—the perfect balm for my itchy, hungry cunt. His licking me out felt so good that I had to brace my hands on the floor. My clit had been hard for ages so as soon as he licked it I came, gasping and grinding my cunt against his face. Tom pulled back when I was done and looked up at me in surprise, his face wet. Then he looked past me. I turned my head, my heart pounding. There stood Adam, looking both horny as hell and none too pleased to see me sitting on Tom's face.

"Dammit, Tom. I wanted her!"

"Dammit yourself, Adam. She needs both of us. Put your cock in her mouth. Give her something else to think about besides my mouth on her. She's trying to drown me."

Adam looked at me uncertainly as Tom went back to exploring my pussy. "Why did you duck behind the tree?" I asked, reaching for him, dying to see and feel and suck that cock of his.

"Huh! Are you kidding? Just try pissing through a hard-on! Just the thought of you watching me made it impossible! Why do you think I took so long?" He quickly shoved his jeans down and I watched avidly as he freed his trapped cock, sucking in my breath when I saw the hard, beautiful curve in his staff. I could just imagine how great that would

feel in my pussy!

Tom swallowed rapidly as I gushed. "She's doing it again!" he gasped. "Hurry, boy!"

I wrapped shaky hands around Adam's cock, delighting in the feel of him, hard and throbbing. I ran his hot, silky organ over my lips, cheeks, and eyelashes, sniffing in the aroma of his balls. He made my mouth water even before I took him in my mouth. There was a groaning of pleasure from both of us as I sucked him and a sputter from Tom, then we were all down on the floor. I was on my back with Tom's face between my legs and Adam lay beside me, holding my head while my mouth pleasured his cock.

It was better than I'd dreamed of. Tom was driving me wild licking, kissing, nibbling and sucking my pussy. He stuck his finger deep inside me at the same time, probing and twisting. It made it hard for me to concentrate on Adam, who was a delicious combination of fresh lumber, sweat, and musk. I licked and sucked his cock, then very gently gnawed on the tender, spongy head till he was on the very verge of coming. I had to be so careful. I wanted to keep him there, tease him awhile, make it last, but Tom's expert cuntlapping had me thrashing so much, I was afraid I might bite Adam.

I twitched my tongue firmly under his sensitive head and he erupted with strong, copious spurts of delicious cum that filled my mouth, hot and salty-sweet. I swallowed it all, gently milking out the last dribbles before I let him go. Adam was clutching his chest, getting his breath back when I smiled up at him, licking my lips in satisfaction. He smiled at me, then slid down and kissed me deeply.

My pussy ached to be filled as I realized that Tom had stopped licking me, probably when Adam came. "Oh, I need a cock in my pussy!" I moaned.

Tom chuckled. "Hang on, Abbie. It's coming." He took my hand and put it on his bare, eager cock, letting me feel its magnificence with my hand before he let me feel it in my happy pussy. He shoved it into me with a grunt and I was electrified.

He held himself over me straightarmed, torturing me with slow, intense strokes of his iron cock, nearly pulling out of my pussy each time, making me gasp. He was grinning cockily. I reached up and tugged



him down by his gray hair, kissing him the way Adam kissed me.

"Oh, please, suck my titties. Both of you!" I begged, my fingers restlessly running through their two heads of hair. "They need to be sucked so badly."

My nipples felt impossibly tight and hard as Adam peeled off my thin shirt. My two men looked at my swollen breasts, then at each other, and grinned as they synchronized their movements. They lowered their heads together and gently kissed my nipples, twiddled them with their tongue tips, then blew at them, watching each other, almost laughing. They were driving me crazy with their game, holding back what I wanted.

I pulled their hair. As one they nibbled me in retaliation, none too gently, forgetting each other and unconsciously reacting alike. Then as they found their mouths full of warm titty, they finally suckled me in earnest. Driving arrows of need shot straight to my cunt, growing stronger

and stronger, making me rock and whimper, biting my lips. Then I was coming, vibrating around Tom's big cock deep inside me, crying out as I came harder than ever.

Tom responded, pumping fast-



er and harder. He began coming himself just as mine was easing off, sending me over the edge again as his cock pulsed and surged strongly, spitting his seed furiously into my cunt. He was still breathing raggedly when he collapsed on top of me and hugged me, inadvertently hugging Adam too. Adam hugged back, his cock hard against my hip.

"Hell, Tom, you're a tiger!" Adam said, punching Tom's bicep as he looked at the two of us glowing with sweat.

"You think so?" He was obviously pleased. As we lay there together, I just had to smile. What strange, wonderful, funny creatures guys can be! I hugged them both hard.

"Oh god, Adam. She's ready again!" Tom said, rolling off to lie beside me. He saw Adam's erection and chuckled. "You, too? Go get her! Fix her wagon good, boy!"

"I intend to," Adam declared and pulled me over on top of him. "But she's gonna help."

I was willing to try. My skirt got

in our way, hiding his cock from me, so I took it off. It was oddly exciting to be totally naked while they wore their construction boots and had their jeans at half-mast. Adam helped me aim that great bent cock to the opening of my very wet pussy, getting the head in. Then I took over, slowly settling down onto it. It felt incredible—sort of like a giant flesh and blood corkscrew.

Adam stroked my ass and tits and belly while I humped on his cock. I soon discovered a problem. Every time I neared orgasm, I felt so weak with pleasure I couldn't move and the delicious urgency would drain away. Adam grabbed my hips and helped me, but he pumped too slowly. I squirmed impatiently and made another discovery. When I twisted my hips, his bent cock did wild things in my pussy, touching new places, igniting me. I did it again.

"Oh, Abbie, don't do that," he gasped. "I want this to last."

"But it feels so good!"

"Don't I know it!" he groaned and began bouncing me faster. He held my hips in his large hands as he slithered that twisted snake in and out, grunting sometimes as he fought to keep it slow. I didn't want it slow. I rotated again. He gasped and went still, then smacked my ass gently.

"Tom, Adam is a meanie," I complained, feeling the sting.

"You like it," he laughed, stroking his rising cock with a lazy hand as he watched us.

"I sure do," I agreed, feeling even wetter and more turned on as the sting faded. When Adam resumed his old rhythm, I twisted again. He smacked me again and hollered because this time he couldn't stop. He flipped me onto my back and began pounding his cock into me, grunting with mounting urgency as his orgasm approached. Then he was coming, pressing his face against the side of my neck as his cock twitched and spurted, taking me with him, making me squeal.

A hand clamped over my mouth as my noise echoed through the empty house. It was Tom's. "Don't attract anybody in here, Abbie. I'm not through with you yet," he said huskily. I barely heard him as I hugged Adam to me. "Get off her, Adam. I want her sweet ass."

They both flipped me over onto my knees with my ass in the air. I was too relaxed to either help or protest, except for a tiny "ooh" when the rough wood floor scraped my bare tits. Tom told Adam to spread my skirt under me to protect my skin and Adam did.

hey were darlings, I thought, the best lovers I'd ever had. I'd never felt so satisfied in my life. Tom stuck his cock in my soppy wet pussy and stroked a few times, waking me up a little. He pulled out, and then rubbed his hand over my cunt and up my crack, spreading my wetness and their come onto my asshole. He probed with a finger and grunted with satisfaction as it slid in with ease. Then his hot cockhead was there, pushing, pushing, and inching its way in slowly. It was much larger than his finger, harder to take. "Relax, take it easy," he murmured. "Let me in your ass, Abbie. I gotta fuck your tight ass."

When he pushed his cock all the way in, he held it there, letting me get used to it. I felt filled with his cock, stretched, impaled. Tom began to move and I grunted each time, not realizing it was making Adam nervous until he took my hand and squeezed it. It felt better after that Tom reached under me and pressed his hand to my cunt, giving me something to bump my clit against.

He was shaking with need, muttering, "So tight, so tight," as he pumped his hard cock deep between my ass cheeks. From deep inside me, I could feel one more orgasm building, and it felt like a big one. I began to whimper as Tom drove himself faster, then suddenly stopped, and I could feel his liquid pouring deep into my ass. I came hard, out of control, wetting myself, wetting his hand. We collapsed, exhausted.

My new neighbors are friendly, well-off, and elderly. I'm glad I performed their housewarming. Tom and Adam have invited me to two more.



It's not what you wear, it's how you wear it — or don't wear it. No panties makes a statement. It's the same with having hot oral sex with two large phallases. The clothes that Ava wears today says 'l like to blow cocks.' And she backs it up by a willingness to sit alone in a chair in a dark room and play with two cocks sticking out of a wall.







Ava Addams isn't a bad girl...

she's just a bit naughty. Sure, she's exhibited outrageous sexual behavior in her past— and continues to do so on a daily basis. But she's not bad. She's a normal girl who enjoys doing a dirty job.

Ava Addams is good. Very good...

CLUB: Have you ever used sex to get out of trouble?

AVA: I used to do this a lot when I was younger. Now I just use my wits.

CLUB: Ever gotten a speeding ticket? AVA: I've gotten a few, but it's been a while.

CLUB: Ever been arrested?

AVA: Once, for public intoxication in my 20s, but the judge dismissed it. [Laughs]

CLUB: Ever have sex in your parents' house while they were there?

AVA: It happens. Doesn't everyone do

this?

CLUB: Have you ever been caught having sex? Were you embarrassed or did the idea of getting caught excite you?

AVA: I've been caught several times. It depends on who caught me and where I was. My most embarrassing moment was when I was 18 and my mom walked in on me.

CLUB: Do you have any tattoos? How many?

AVA: Yes. Seven.

CLUB: Ever been caught cheating at

school?

AVA: I think once.

CLUB: Ever been caught cheating on a husband or boyfriend?

AVA: A long, long time ago I ran off with a rock star, but I felt guilty and broke up with my boyfriend before I got home.

CLUB: When was the last time you got really angry?

AVA: Probably while driving. I'm sure I curse out the nicest people when I'm behind the wheel.

Ava continues...



















CLUB: What's the naughtiest thing you've ever done sexually?

AVA: I will let my fans decide on that one. We all have different perceptions of what is "naughty." But naughty is fun and I like fun!

CLUB: Ever masturbated in public? AVA: Many times. I used to shoot stuff like this all the time for my first website when I was only a girl/girl performer. They were fun to shoot!

CLUB: Ever have sex with someone you couldn't remember having sex with?

AVA: It happens to the best of us.

CLUB: Can you describe a funny situation that happened to you or someone else on a porn set?

AVA: I'm super clumsy, so chances are almost everyone I have worked with has seen me trip or fall over something—even my own two feet.

CLUB: Do you drink alcohol? What's your drink of choice?

AVA: Here and there, but not much. When I do, my go-to drink is a mimosa.

CLUB: What's your drug of choice if any? AVA: Nada. Too old for that shit.

CLUB: Ever had an experience where you said, "This is too much. This is not right. I can never do this again"?

AVA: Maybe in my 20s, but nothing stands out in my mind.

CLUB: Anything you'd like to say in closing to our readers?

AVA: Sorry I'm not wild and crazy off camera, but keep watching my scenes for sexual shenanigans!

Catch up with the latest on Ava Addams at her website TheAvaAddams.com, on Twitter @AvaAddams and Instagram @ms.avaaddams.



















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MASTER SERIES MASTER SERIES JACK MATE PENIS PUMP



Anita and Wanda never turn down an opportunity to lounge topless by the pool – as long as they can keep their heels on. Nothing gets their pussies dripping quicker than a pair of fine leather Italian imports covering their sexy feet. Of course anyone who sees their incredible boobs and pussies will simply say, "what shoes?"

































LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Letters that should or shouldn't have been written, but you sent them to us anyway!

GIRL NOTES

We sent out an email to some of our femail readers to ask about their experiences with another girl. We said we were interested in their first time. The responses we received were both fascinating and titillating.

JULIE – I first did it at a private school in New Jersey.

My parents sent me away to an all-girls private school in my junior year of college because they thought I was getting so wild and they could not control me. One cause was that I was caught under the bleachers blow-banging some of the football players which got me and several guys kicked out of school. Secretly, I had been fucking most of the team all season. I also had been sneaking out at night and fucking the star quarterback because he had a nice nine inch cock that I loved to suck and fuck. Unfortunately, I was caught too many times and my parents shipped me off to a private school.

After a week at the new school. I started getting horny for my roomie. I'd never been with a girl before, but we're in such close quarters it's hard not to notice things. I have nice full C boobies but my roomie's are even bigger ones. Since I'm usually the sexually aggressive one, I finally told her I wanted to suck on them. I wasn't surprised when she agreed but told me she preferred cock, but I had clit that would be fun to suck. I had sneaked a couple dildos and a strap-on with me to school and by mid-semester I'd bend her over the end of the bed and shove a dildo into her pussy. Since she professed she loved cock so much, I made my roomie suck another dildo as I fucked her with the strap-on. Then we'd each shove dildos into each other's asses and scissor- fuck clit to clit until we both came. She has stayed my roomie for the last two years of private school. We think other girls knew we played around but no one ever said anything.

MOLLY – She seduced me on the first try.

My first lesbian experience was with Val, a co-worker's boss at the office where we all worked. It was a Friday, half-day, and Val invited my friend and me out to lunch. We went and got a little tipsy by the time 4 pm rolled around. Love those 'Half-Price Ladies' drinking days. After we

dropped off my friend, Val invited me up to her 54th floor apartment and I agreed. We laughed all the way up on the elevator ride and stumbled into her place. More wine and soon she was taking the opportunity to explore every inch of my wet, warm pussy. She got me off with her tongue and hands as she dove right in and unabashedly lapped every exposed bit of my pussy. She began pulling my hair and grinding into me slowly. I began exposing more of her flesh with my fingers as I gave her lips a complete tonque bath from bottom to top. I found her exposed clit and began flicking my tongue into her hard and fast, and her moans became increasingly louder.



I traced her lips with my fingers and she merely looked down at me. I looked back up at her and she was twisting and tugging on her nipple while guiding my head with her other hand. I drove a first finger into her and began exploring her pussy. Once I inserted my finger in entirely, I began turning and curling my finger in all directions. I worked a second finger in and she began grinding into me harder and pressing more of her weight down onto my hand andwrist. We did a hot 69 to end the evening and I stayed the night. Fortunately she is not my boss, so I smile and wave every time I see her at the office. I haven't told my friend about me and Val. Probably best she not know!













AMANDA – I'm not the bridesmaid anymore.

Jillian, my best friend, was getting married in a day. We were at rehearsal dinner the night before and I could tell she was incredibly nervous. The groom was acting like an asshole, which he is. I begged Jillian to reconsider, but her parents pressured her into this. By 10 pm everyone was on their way home. I told the group I would drive the bride-to-be home. I drove her home and she said she didn't want to be left alone at night. I went in with her and she said she wanted to go up and change. I waited for a few minutes and she came back into the living room in her robe.

I didn't think anything of it, even when she offered me a glass of wine. She began telling me what a great friend I was and she wished her man was more like me. I told her it was not too late to delay the wedding but that made her quiet. She looked deeply into her wine glass, then looked up at me and smiled. We hugged warmly and she began to rub my back and nuzzle my neck.

Then, surprisingly, she took me into her bedroom and slowly undressed me. I did not complain or stop her. I knew she was in the middle of tremendous emotional upheaval. She let her robe fall to the ground showing her perfect breasts. She began to rub my boobs, then slid her hand down to my pussy. She put my hands on her boobs and liked the way her nipples got hard as she rubbed my hands over her chest.

Then she took my hand and moved it to her pussy. She put her hand on my mound and we rubbed and licked each other. This went on a long time and I really liked the feeling. When morning came, I picked her up and took her to her wedding. She had decided to go ahead only if she and I would remain lovers. I said I do -- I mean I would.

NO MORE CUDDLES

I loved spending time with Matthew because he wasn't like other guys. Not only could he bring me out of a bad mood almost instantly, make me laugh without trying:

but we could lay on my bed and watch TV without him ever getting too friendly. We would cuddle, but that was it.

Today was like any other day. Matthew came over to my house and we grabbed a drink from the fridge and ran up to my room. I flipped the channels on the TV until I found a movie. As on every other day I had changed out of my school clothes into small shorts and a body hugging T-shirt. Though I tried showing off what little I had, Matthew never took the bait. I wished every night that he would get a naughty streak and stop being so nice.

I had snuggled up to him and we had fallen asleep until I woke up

with his arms wrapped around me. I noticed all the lights were off and there didn't seem to be any light coming from downstairs, nor any noise. Though at this time of the night, even on a Friday night like tonight, everyone was usually asleep. I wiggled out of Matthew's grip without him stirring. The moon was shining in my room and I had pretty good light. I couldn't help smiling because he was so darn cute. I whispered his name to see if he would wake up and the only reaction I got was for him to roll onto his back.

I had dreamt of this many nights, except in my dreams I woke up to him touching me and though the dreams varied, we always ended up making love.

If I woke him I would still be too shy to tell him to stay with me, but at the same time it seemed like a waste to just cuddle all night. While I was debating with myself, my hands had taken on a life of their own. I had started inching his shirt slowly upward, so as not to wake him, and started lightly running my



hand on his stomach. I knew there wouldn't be an easy explanation if he woke up, but I was enthralled with how soft his chest hair was. I ran my fingers around in his chest hair and lightly scratched my fingers down his side, giving him goose bumps.

He barely moved throughout my exploration of his stomach so I got bolder. I started running my fingers along the top of his jeans. Even in the darkened room there was enough light for me to see that I was having an effect on him. I had no clue what he was dreaming about but I'm sure that this time, they were turning sexual.

My own body was responding in ways I wasn't used to, which just served to let my shyness slip away. My body was on fire and I wanted him, needed him to wake up. I had







masturbated before but I knew that it wouldn't suffice this time. Besides I would rather Matthew wake up to me touching him, than him waking up and seeing me fingering myself.

When I went from running my fingers along the top of his jeans to slowly undoing the button and unzipping them, I noticed a change in his breathing but continued. I was sure he was awake and if he wasn't going to stop me then I was going to see how far he let me go. I rubbed the very noticeable bulge through his boxers. I loved the effect I had on him. I slipped out of bed long enough to close and lock my bedroom door. From the edge of the bed I could see that Matthew's eyes were open. I knew I had gone too far to explain why I was touching him in my sleep. I stood at the edge of the bed and started taking my clothes off.

Pretending I didn't notice he was awake, I pulled my T-shirt over my head and unsnapped my bra. I pulled my shorts off, leaving just my g-string on. It was soaked with my juices and for a moment I debated on taking it off, but decided to leave it on. I was so horny that when I pulled my shorts down, just the slight touching of myself had made me moan from pleasure. I ran my hands over my pussy, ever so lightly, but enough to make me moan again. I was beginning to believe it was a very vivid dream since Matthew hadn't tried stopping me.

When I crawled back into the bed, I straddled Matthew and kissed him. He kissed me back, pulling me closer to him. His first kiss sent tingles shooting throughout my body and I had a mini orgasm. Afraid to break the spell by talking, I used my flexibility to kiss him while slowly working his jeans off of him without breaking the kiss.

Maybe Matthew didn't quite realize that it wasn't a dream either, but he didn't try to stop me. I started grinding on him, loving the feel of his hard cock rubbing against my wet bottoms. I wanted him to fuck me then and there, but as soon as I started pulling his boxers off, I was flipped onto my back. He pulled away from me breathing heavily, trying to get himself under control.

I mean if we were going to do something to regret later, I wanted total release. not the pent up orgasm that had been building. I was stark naked. I pulled him back to me, kissing his neck and nibbling on his ear. With that I lowered my head to his crotch and licked him from his scrotum to the tip of his shaft. He groaned as my tongue licked at the hole in the end just before I wrapped my lips around the head and sucked him into my mouth. I took him just a few inches in as I looked up at his face. I drew back and then took him deeper. I began to pump his throb-

bing cock deeper into my mouth until I had almost all of him. I felt his big cock hit the back of my throat as I sucked and licked him.

He pulled my head up and kissed me and I felt the heat building again. My body was begging for him, and the determination I had of keeping our relationship platonic had disappeared. If I had known that kissing him was going to awaken my body I would have done it earlier. He asked if this was what I really wanted. I don't think he was ready for the response I gave him. I whispered into his ear, "I love you and there's nothing I want right now more than to have you make love to me."

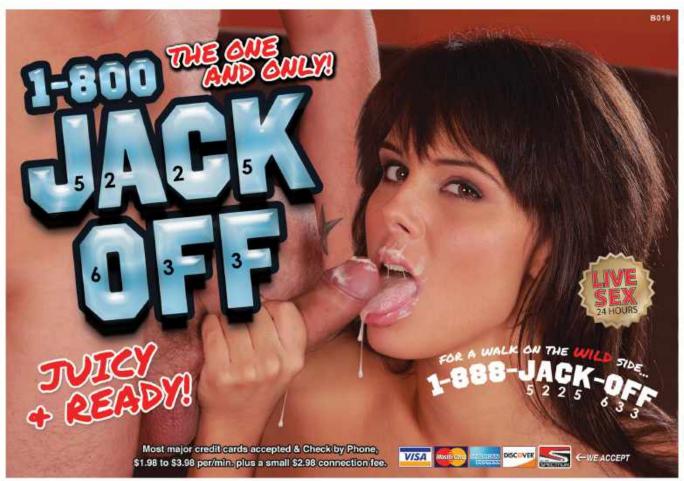
He kissed me with renewed passion. His hands traveled all over my body followed by his lips. I thought his hands felt good on me, but his

lips brought on a whole new wave of sensations. He ran his tongue around my nipples, lightly flicking them with his tongue, then engulfing them in the heat of his mouth. Every time he switched sides, the other ached for his touch again. I



lost count of the orgasms wracking my body as I tried not to make much noise. My nails dug into his back. When he started rubbing his hand on my pussy, a whimper escaped my lips. He found my clit and rubbed it while nibbling on my left nipple. I knew I was humping his hand and drenching it in juices. It didn't take long and I screamed into his shoulder as a huge orgasm hit me. Instead of being satisfied I wanted him inside of me. I had turned from shy to hornball and I didn't want to go back.

Have something to say to us, then go write ahead. Send your letters to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 10170, W. Tropicana Ave., #156-168, Las Vegas, NV 89147. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them—or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.































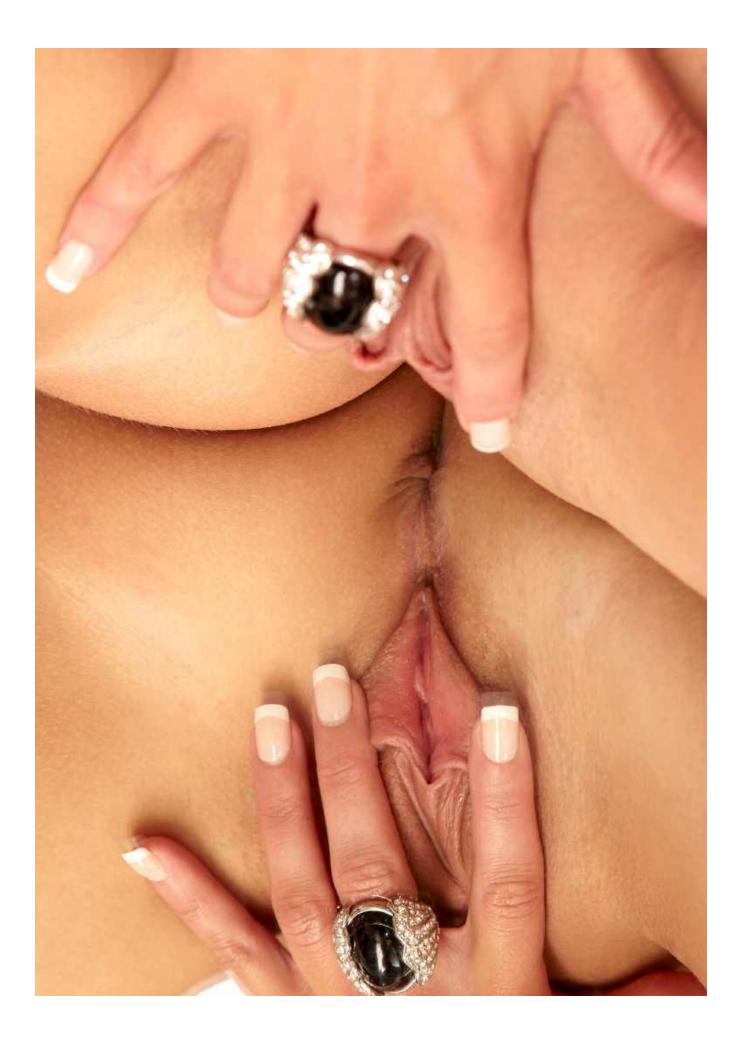


Randy is a very good girl, and she likes to show off just how good she can be. Watch her get all spruced up in her best lingerie and pearls, just so she can strip down and flash everything that makes her so gorgeous. She couldn't even get through this hot photo shoot without reaching between her legs to make herself climax.



























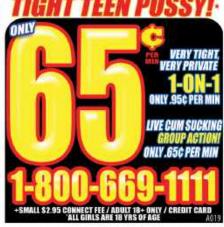












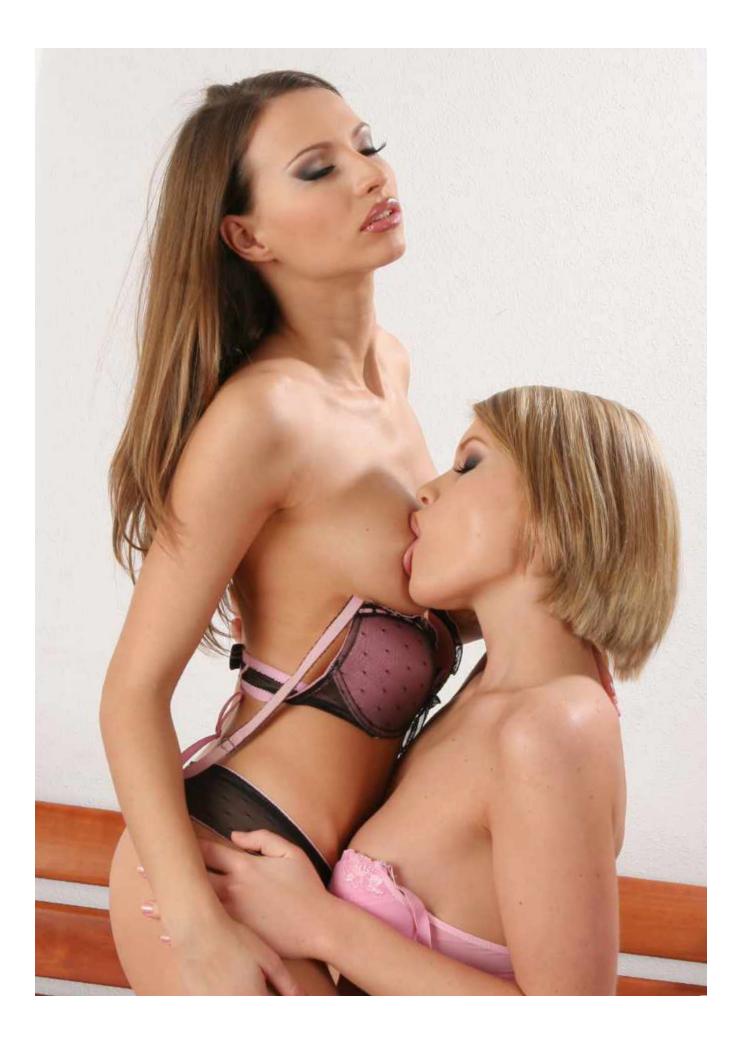








Sit yourselves back and get ready for an amazing treat. Veronica and Valerie are a couple of beauties about to get down and dirty and you have a front row seat. It all starts with soft kisses, finger probes, and pussy licks. Soon they get strap-ons in wet pussies and tight asses, and a butt plug in the ass for good, er, bad measure. Enjoy!





















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